

THE GREAT FIGHT TO BE WAGED
IN NEW YORK

The Campaign in Greater New York One of the Most Sensational Ever Waged—Filled With Startling Events—The Betting in Favor of Tammany—The Aggressive Prohibition Campaign in Pennsylvania—The Two Sides in Nebraska Expressing Confidence

New York, November 1.—The most sensational political campaign in the history of New York ended tonight. Not a day for the past month has been devoid of exciting incidents. A few months ago it seemed as though there would be a straight fight between the republicans and the democrats, with the odds in favor of the latter on account of the opposition to the Raines liquor law, a republican measure which requires saloons to pay a high license, to remain closed from 1 to 5 o'clock a. m., and to remain closed on Sunday. The law is highly unpopular among the foreign born inhabitants of this city.

Four events have occurred which have in turn upset the calculations of the political leaders. The first was the formation of the citizens' union, which drew its strength chiefly from the republican party and whose leaders were so fiercely hostile to Senator Platt and his methods of directing the regular republican organization that coalition of all the anti-Tammany forces, an end that Mr. Platt repeatedly declared he desired, was impossible. The citizens' union leaders asserted that the regular republican organization and its manager were quite as offensive to good citizens as those of Tammany.

The second startling event was the return from Europe of Tammany's old leader, Richard Croker, or rather his immediate assumption of the management of Tammany. Croker's return was met with opposition, dictated the nomination of Robert Van Wyck for mayor and carried matters with such a high hand as to lead to serious dissensions among the party.

The third epoch of the campaign began with the call of Henry George to the democrats who believed in Thomas Jefferson to join him in a fight for honest government. His call was met with a campaign of 1886, when he polled 68,000 votes, flocked to his standard as the soldiers of France did to the banner of Napoleon returned from Elba, and in a few days Henry George, apparently lacking none of the resources of war and was waging a fight that amazed all the other political parties. From the battery to the Bronx, from Staten Island to Rockaway he preached the rights of man and denounced the so-called party "bosses" with fierce energy.

Last Thursday night, the tide seemed to be flowing irresistibly to George. On Friday came his death, an event that moved New York as nothing has since the civil war.

At the campaign headquarters tonight each party professes the utmost confidence in victory tomorrow. The betting favors Van Wyck, the Tammany candidate for mayor, rather than the republican. Old politicians are quoted as saying that the vote for young Henry George will not be large.

Lincoln, Neb., November 1.—Political managers for both parties in this city on the eve of election express supreme confidence as to the result of tomorrow's battle, but in the absence of a poll of the state it is difficult to say what will base their claim of victory. With an admirable organization and perfect harmony in the ranks, republicans must, nevertheless, face a campaign of free silver, which a year ago, carried the state by 11,000 plurality. The national democrats and prohibitionists are not serious factors in the race, and tonight it is pointed out that an understanding exists whereby the national democrats will vote almost solidly for the republican nominees. Added to this is the fact that the last day of the registration in the cities brought out an unexpectedly large enrollment which republicans claim is a good augury. Fusionists deny this and insist that, having met a more aggressive campaign, their followers are most interested and the larger the vote the better their chances. The blanket ballot is to be tested for the first time tomorrow and the effect it is believed, will be to greatly delay the returns.

W. J. Bryan has his final appeal in behalf of the fusion ticket today and tonight there is a meeting in Lincoln, Omaha and a number of smaller towns. There is no state officer to be elected this year and the election hinges largely upon local and county issues. Six counties elect state senators, who will hold over to vote for a successor to James Smith as United States senator. There are thirteen hold-over republicans and two hold-over democrats in the senate. The democrats will probably make gains, especially in the lower house.

Philadelphia, November 1.—The campaign just closed has been exceptionally quiet on the only feature having been the aggressive canvass of Rev. Dr. Swallow, the prohibition candidate for state treasurer, which has been wholly on the lines of the temperance cause with little or no reference to the liquor question. In 1895 Haywood, republican, for state treasurer, had a plurality of 174,294 in a total vote of 769,136. The prohibition vote was 20,778.

Republican Chairman Elkin in his figuring for tomorrow, predicts a total vote of 786,625 and a republican plurality of 17,400. He concedes Swallow 45,000 votes. Democratic Chairman Garman says there will be a total vote of 925,000 and that the democratic candidate will have a plurality of 15,000. He gives Swallow 50,000 votes.

Chairman Jones, of the prohibition party, claims that Swallow will have a majority in twenty and probably thirty seven of the sixty-seven counties, and he will receive at least 50,000 in Philadelphia alone. He gives no estimate of Swallow's vote in the state.

Memorial Meeting of Raleigh Bar

(Special to The Messenger.)

Raleigh, N. C., November 1.—There was a memorial meeting of the bar at the court house this afternoon in memory of the late George W. Strong. Joseph B. Batchelor presided and Alex. B. Andrews, Jr., was secretary.

Among the arrivals today were George Rountree, Eugene S. Martin, Thomas W. Strange, John D. Bellamy and A. G. Riland, of Wilmington; Swift Galloway and George M. Lindsay, of Snow Hill, and D. L. Ward, of New Bern.

Judge Purnell sets for hearing at chambers at Richmond November 8th the matter of confirmation of the sale of the Cumcock coal mine, which was made last month to a Baltimore man.

To Be Hanged Privately

(Special to The Messenger.)

Goldsboro, N. C., November 1.—The county commissioners this afternoon decided to have the execution of Sam Wright, the negro murderer, the 10th instant, in the jail yard, private.

Three burglaries were committed yesterday, one in the city and two in the country. In every instance the thieves were after money.

Disfigurements for life by burns or scalds may be avoided by using De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great remedy for piles and for all kinds of sores and skin troubles. R. R. Bellamy.

"Bother the fellow!" I muttered savagely.

"Just when I'd screwed up my nerves almost to the point of putting the question, and so settling my fate one way or the other, here he must come and upset everything with his confounded 'Our dance, Miss Bellinger, I believe!' Deuce take the man, and his dance, too."

My gaze followed the pair as they passed between the double row of palms toward the ballroom. For a moment the music swelled higher, and mingling with it in my ears came the silvery ripple of Joan's laughter. Confusion seize the clown! he seemed to have the knack of amusing her, if nothing else. Then the door of the conservatory swung to behind them.

I rose from the settee, frowned witheringly at a big hydrangea bloom, and thought things not to be found in the category of polite proverbs. From this genial mood I was roused by the froufrou of a woman's dress and a tripping footfall which caused me to glance round quickly, half-expectantly. But it was merely my sister Bertha.

"What's amiss, Tom?" asked she merrily. "You don't look extravagant tonight."

"Don't I, indeed? Well, I feel even less cheerful than I look."

"You couldn't, Tom, dear," Bertha protested slyly. "Come now, what is it? Anxiety about Aunt Jane's health?"

"Oh, hang Aunt Jane!"

"Tom—Tom and Bertha's hands went up in simulated horror. 'Your own blood relation, too! How utterly depraved of you!'"

As a matter of confession, I never could bring myself to a due state of honest sympathy where Aunt Jane's neurotic ailments were concerned. True, they were the only relaxations the poor old soul allowed herself, but then she ever and inexorably worked them for all they were worth. Among other instances, whenever she felt one of her "attacks" coming on, nothing would do but that she must have her favorite niece to wait upon her, hand and foot, from morning till night. It was precious hard lines on Bertha, maybe; yet it is the penalty a girl has to pay for being a gentler nurse than sister.

"Not Aunt Jane!" Bertha went on, after a pause. "Then it must be Joan. That was she I saw just now with Captain Moston, wasn't it? Have you and she been falling out, or what?"

"Quite the contrary. We were getting on famously together until that conceited jackanapes thrust himself forward and carried her off."

"Why, what can you complain of in that? I suppose he simply claimed the waltz she had promised him. What are parties and dances for?"

"The only rational use for them is to keep people out of the way of those who don't want to dance. Otherwise, there's nothing but stupid circuses, in my opinion."

"Tom, you're a grumpy bear—a downright morose, irritable, surly, rude person!—and I'm sorry uncle ever invited you down here at all. You've been feeling twenty-four hours in a house yet and already you show a temper—that—that. There, Joan must be an angel to have tolerated you for five minutes."

I did not feel called upon to find fault with my classification. My quarrel with her was over, and I was off. "Well," said I quickly, "this swash-buckler fellow—this army bouncer—who is he, anyway?"

"Captain Moston, is nothing more than a gentleman," retorted Bertha, with what she considered an air of delicate irony. "He isn't one of your sort at all, Tom."

"Whoever he may be, he needs a lesson in manners," I rejoined hotly. "The way in which he has been hanging round Miss Bellinger ever since I've been here is absolutely insufferable. Of course you haven't noticed it; you're been up stairs with Aunt Jane all the time. But I have; and by Jove! there'll be ructions soon if!"

"Oh, now I begin to understand," interposed my sister amusedly. "That's how the wind blows, is it? You're jealous. Tom, gracious me, it's clear you don't know Captain Moston since you wonder at that. Just wait until you see him flirting with me. You forget you haven't had an opportunity of witnessing that yet."

"I don't care for the openness whom he flirts with, so long as it isn't Miss Bellinger," replied I. "Besides, it isn't fair to her. No man has a right to monopolize any girl as he does, unless he seriously thinks about means to—to."

"And how do you know Captain Moston doesn't?" Bertha put in hurriedly. "Oh, I've come across the type before—the irresistible, self-complacent, professed gallant, who never!"

Flushing scarlet, Bertha stamped her foot angrily.

"I won't listen to you. It's disgraceful! He is the best of us. At all events, I know Joan likes him—very fond of him, in fact. She told me so herself. And if she had to choose between you and him, I'm perfectly certain which she would favor." Here Bertha broke out into another high-pitched giggle.

"Really, Tom, I'm almost sorry for you. If you wish to out-step Captain Moston I can assure you you'll have to go up very early in the morning."

This outburst was indeed a fencer for me; but I did not intend that my torment of a sister should note its effects. "I wish you wouldn't be so slangy, Bertha," I said, reprovingly. "It shows shocking bad form in girls."

"Thanks for the benefit of the example," retorted she airily. "Only I didn't mean it for slang either. It's a piece of advice to be taken literally. I'll explain—though you don't deserve any such consideration from me, really. Now listen to this. Every morning, before breakfast, Joan wanders off by herself through the park toward the shrubbery, and soon afterward, by an odd coincidence, Captain Moston also strolls in that direction. Now doesn't that strike you as being somewhat significant? While you are lazying in bed—unless you have amended your habits of late—no doubt he is improving the golden opportunities. You recollect uncle's adage, that action by his persuasion, especially where—But the waltz is over, and here comes the crowd. My poor Tom, truly I pity you!"

And with a mock-solemn shake of her head she was gone.

I moaned up into the billiard room, where subsequently I was badly beaten by my fifteen-year-old cousin Harold in a "hundred up" game. His flukes were phenomenal.

"Say, Tom, you're a bit off color tonight, aren't you?" he exclaimed patronizingly. "Never saw you make such a rotten show in my life. But when d'you think of my play, eh? I've come on a lot lately, haven't I? Fact is, Captain Moston's been tipping me

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a few wrinkles the last day or two. Jolly fellow chap, the captain, you know."

I offered no comment—audibly. "You had better pull yourself together before you tackle him at this game," Harold continued. "On your present display you wouldn't stand an earthly against him; he could give you fifty and lick you hollow even then."

Whereupon the youngster entered into a glowing eulogy of the captain's many splendid accomplishments and good qualities, rattle to which I had neither the desire nor the patience to hearken. Incidentally, however, he happened to mention that the bedroom of the gentleman in question opened out of the same gallery as mine—was, indeed, next but one to it. Later, when I passed this particular room on my way up to bed, I chanced to observe that the key projected from the lock on the outside of the door. Ere I fell asleep I had settled upon a ruse de guerre.

Waking soon after daybreak, I dressed hastily and slipped out the corridor. Listening at the captain's door, I could hear his heavy, regular breathing within; he was still fast asleep. My fingers sought the protruding key, and softly, warily, I turned it, the bolt sliding into its socket without a sound. Now I well knew that all the apartments in my uncle's house were fitted with patent fastenings, each having its special key, no one key opening any other lock than its own, and I flattered myself upon the tactical use to which I had been able to put my knowledge. Of a certainty there would be no Captain Moston at the rendezvous that morning. Chuckling over the success of my stratagem, I thrust the key into my pocket and hurried downstairs.

Half an hour afterward, from the embrasure of the library window, I stood and watched Joan issue from the stone porch, cross the terrace, and wend down by the shrubberies—exactly as I had been led to expect. Myself unseen, I followed after, until she entered the ornate wooden chalet near the tennis court. On a forty-minute wait, I remained with a bicycle, which she trundled down to the level gravelly path beyond. Here she waited, tapping the ground vexedly with the toe of her boot, glancing this way and that at intervals, with growing impatience. I thrust through the bushes behind her.

"How late you are! That's a crying sin, I must confess I wish you had not come just now. I didn't want to see you, nor you to see me."

I swung round as if to leave her. "A girl never looks her best when learning to cycle. One always feels so helpless, so awkward, so very ridiculous, with all that—why need it? Still, I practice out here before the other folk are astir. And now you've found out, and have come laugh at me."

"I declare not," said I, returning to her side. "I hadn't even the faintest idea that you were qualifying for a feminine frown. That's piquant fun at me! Really, it's too bad! Why, Bertha told me that you yourself were an enthusiastic cyclist—almost as expert a rider as Captain Moston. You ought not to chaff or discourage a beginner—for I do so want to learn."

"Again she swung round in search of him who, to my certain knowledge, would never put in an appearance that morning.

"How annoying!" she ejaculated.

Chronic Dyspepsia Cured.



AFTER suffering for nearly thirty years from dyspepsia, Mrs. H. E. Dugdale, wife of a prominent business man of Warsaw, N. Y., writes: "For 23 years, I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and a weak stomach. The lightest food produced distress, causing severe pain and the formation of gas. No matter how careful of my diet I suffered agonizing pain after eating. I was treated by many physicians and tried numerous remedies without permanent help. Two years ago I began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills and Nervine. Within a week I commenced improving, and persisting in the treatment I was soon able to eat what I liked, with no evil effects. I keep them at hand and a single dose dispels any old symptoms."

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pursing up her lips. "What can be keeping him? I wouldn't have given him those three dances last night if I had thought he would have failed me now. That was the condition."

"A pleasurable one, surely," I murmured, trying vainly to recollect more than one of the three dances mentioned. "To be of service to you in any way, to be with you, alone, and in!"

"Oh, must it not be delightful?" cried Joan, in ecstasy. "I can imagine nothing more glorious!"

The exclamation struck me as being somewhat incredible. Looking up in surprise, I found that she had not been paying heed to my words at all; her lips parted, she stood gazing with sparkling eyes across the greensward to where the carriage drive wound down beneath the trees toward the park gates. Along this stretch of road a tandem bicycle was being ridden at a hot pace.

"Great Caesar!" I cried, on catching sight of the distant scorchers, "that's Bertha, isn't it? And the other—no, it can't be."

"Captain Moston," interposed Joan, eagerly. "Every morning they go for a spin as far as Bralesley and back. Mustn't it be just glorious? The sense of freedom, of buoyancy, of swift joy, of life and power, of—of—Oh, how I envy them!"

"Every morning?" I repeated confusedly. "Bertha and Captain Moston? I don't think I quite understand."

"Hasn't Bertha told you? She and Captain Moston have been great friends ever so long, and they have become—But, there, now, I'm betraying strict confidences. I ought not to have said a word about it; but I made sure she would have told her own brother."

"That's her way of informing me of the fact," replied I, pointing toward the flying figures. And, all things considered, she might have chosen a worse method. Bertha possesses more tact than I ever gave her credit for. I only hope I may hit upon as equally pleasant and original a plan of acquainting her with my engagement."

"Your engagement?" I murmured. Joan, with a manifest effort to control herself that set my heart thumping with joy. "You engaged?"

"To teach you cycling."

"Oh! I thought you meant—something else."

"Since it's clear your regular instructor will not be available today, may I ask you to consider my proposal, Joan?"

"It's god of you to offer, Tom. I'm afraid you'll find me a terribly backward pupil, and I know I shall never be able to get on by myself."

"Then allow me to help you. First, you place your right foot on the pedal—now I lift you to the saddle—and keep you there firmly, securely."

"Oh, but I didn't mean that, you stupid boy! And need you hold me quite so tightly? My other teacher did not."

"By George, I should hope not, indeed! He couldn't put his whole heart and soul into the matter as I can—that is, if I am to consider myself definitely engaged."

"Well, not definitely, Tom; say temporarily, until I see how you suit."

"With any prospect of permanency, Joan?" asked I unsteadily. "I'm serious now; you cannot have misundstood."

"Oh, Tom—hold me! I'm go-go-go—going! There, you nearly let me tumble over that time! Why, I don't believe you're a bit able instructor than the other one, after all. You may be stronger, and have better theories as to—Why, here's Harold himself! Now, isn't that tiresome? Just when we were managing so nicely, too!"

"I was speaking of my uncle's Young Hopeful came loping along the path, breathless, spent with the haste he had made."

"Awfully sorry I'm so late, Miss Bellinger," gasped he. "Some silly idiot fastened me into my bedroom this morning, and took me a beastly time to screw off the lock with my penknife. I've half a notion it was one of Captain Moston's jokes."

"Captain Moston?" said I, my hand going instinctively into my pocket, where lay the incriminating key.

"Yes; our rooms are close together, you know—his two doors to the right of yours, just as mine is two doors to the left. But I'll find some dodge to pay him out for this lark before I'm a day older, you bet. And now, Miss Bellinger, if it isn't too late to begin."

"I rather fancy it is, Harold," I hastened to put in.

"For me, you mean?" exclaimed he, grinning. "Well, I guessed something of the sort when I saw you here. I'd better clear out, eh? So I'll ta-ta now, and leave you. Go ahead, old chap! I never like to spoil sport."—Chamber's Journal.

Almost a Riot

Norfolk, Va., November 2.—A riot was almost precipitated in Berkely this morning. There are two democratic factions in the county. The Cole faction seized the voting place of the New Bern faction on Berkely avenue but left the books in charge of the Cole faction. The latter, after an excited discussion, retired to the mayor's office and opened a new voting place, leaving the Cole crowd in possession of the old booth. Mayor McCoy expected further trouble and requested that one company of Portsmouth military be held in readiness to await a call from him. This was done, but it is not thought that its service will be needed, as excitement has been quieted down. No one has been injured or arrested.

A Court of Inquiry Ordered

Washington, November 2.—A court of inquiry has been ordered to convene at Norfolk, Va., next Monday to ascertain the cause of the grounding of the United States tug boat Nina off the South Carolina coast.

EACH PARTY CLAIMS ELECTION OF ITS TICKET.

The Democrats Claim the Election of Their Candidates for Governor and of a Majority in the Legislature—The Results Very Close Either Way—Democrats Carry Several Republican Strongholds—The Legislature Still in Doubt.

Cincinnati, November 2.—At 6:30 p. m., George B. Cox, estimated Hamilton county 7,000 democratic.

Figures on Ohio up to 9:30 p. m., indicate a democratic plurality in the state of about 5,000 but the result is still undecided.

Columbus, Ohio, November 2.—At 10 p. m., the democratic state committee claim the election of their state ticket by from 8,000 to 10,000 plurality and a majority of the legislature on joint ballot for United States senator. No figures were given on the thirty-six state senators and 109 representatives, but it was claimed that the republican loss or fourteen members of the legislature in Hamilton county would insure democratic control of the legislature. The democrats also claimed the twelve members of the legislature from Cuyahoga county which includes Cleveland, the home of Senator Hanna. The republican state committee conceded the loss of Hamilton county, but claimed that there was not sufficient returns from Cleveland on which to base an estimate. With the loss of fourteen members of the legislature in Hamilton county, and also of twelve members in Cuyahoga county, the republicans do not expect to carry the legislature. The republican state committee claims confidently that they will carry Cuyahoga and make gains in other counties. They state that they had anticipated losses in the cities on account of local fights on bossism and factional troubles, but that they had the best reports from the rural districts. A heavy continuous rain prevailed all day and this no doubt affected the rural vote. The republican gains seem to come from the rural democratic counties and the democratic gains from the counties of republicans in which the larger cities are located. The republicans at this hour do not concede the loss of their state or of the control of the legislature, but admit that the result will be very close on both. Owing to the condition of the roads the bicycle couriers are having trouble in rendering the prompt service that was expected from the rural precincts.

Columbus, O., November 2.—At 11:30 o'clock tonight the democratic managers at their state headquarters announced that they had not changed their earlier claims on the election of Chapman as governor, and on securing a majority on joint ballot in the legislature for senator. No definite figures were given out and it was conceded that some doubtful counties in the senatorial districts had not been heard from on the vote for members of the legislature.

Chairman Nash, at the republican state headquarters would not give out any statement at this hour, but his assistants who were tabulating the returns, announced that Bushnell was elected governor, and the entire republican state ticket, was elected by from 5,000 to 10,000 plurality. The basis of democratic gains had been reduced since 10 p. m. from 16 to 18 per cent. The first returns were from the cities and the republicans claimed almost uniform gains from the rural districts. At republican state headquarters at this hour they are more confident of having a majority in the legislature than the decisive plurality on the state ticket. They claim 18 of the 36 senators sure, with 15 democrats, and three doubtful. They also claim a majority of the 109 representatives, but no definite figures are given either by the counties for representatives or the senatorial districts.

This county (Franklin) gave McKinley a plurality of 2,300 last year. It gives the republican ticket a majority of 1,000 and elects the entire democratic ticket, the only close vote being for sheriff.

Cleveland, O., November 2.—The Planter, democrat, makes the following statement at 10:30 tonight: "The republican legislative ticket is running 10 per cent. behind the state ticket, and the state ticket is losing in Cleveland an average of 22 per cent. This defection will reduce the republican plurality to a close margin, though it is probable that the republican state and legislative tickets will be elected. Sufficient returns are in to indicate that the republicans will carry Cuyahoga county, the senator's home, by a meagre plurality."

Canton, O., November 2.—The city of Canton gives Bushnell 3,421, Chapman 3,400.

Cleveland, O., November 2.—Governor Bushnell has carried Ohio by a majority of from 20,000 to 25,000. This insures the election of a republican majority in the general assembly and the return of Marcus Hanna to the United States senate. In this city and Cuyahoga county the republicans claim a majority of from 4,000 to 5,000, and the three republican senators and nine representatives in the legislature are elected.

Cincinnati, November 2.—The returns show the election of fourteen future members of the legislature in Hamilton county by majorities of something near 3,000. The same county ticket is elected by from 3,000 to 3,500. Bushnell will carry the county by 1,000 majority.

Akron, O., November 2.—Akron has probably gone democratic by 100, a democratic gain of 400 over last year. This indicates a democratic victory in the county.

Columbus, O., November 2.—At 12 o'clock Chairman McConville made the following statement: "To the Associated Press—I claim the legislature as democratic by safe majorities in both branches and that the entire democratic state ticket is elected by a good plurality."

Mansfield, O., November 2.—Returns are slow from the outlying townships, but Chapman has carried this (Secretary Sherman's) county by 1200, a democratic gain of about 100, electing the democratic legislative ticket.

Cincinnati, November 2.—The following are complete returns from all the precincts of Hamilton county to the board of elections: Bushnell, republican, for governor, 41,121; Chapman, democrat, for governor, 39,611. On the legislative ticket, Cohen, fusionist, received 41,395 votes; Harris, the highest republican on the senatorial ticket, received 39,448 votes.

Columbus, Ohio, November 2.—The result in Ohio is so close that it may require the official count to determine the result, especially on the political complexion of the legislature. The re-

claiming the state and the legislature with each persistence that it will require the official count at least to get one or other to concede defeat. Complete returns indicate the election of the republican state ticket by 10,000 to 12,000 but the result on the legislature is so close that no definite figures can be given tonight.

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